

A man cannot lose his money, but he shall be mockt too,

O R,

Suttle Mals loue to simple Coney,
To make him an Ass to spend his money.

To the Tune of *Oh no, no, no, not yet.*



A Proper handsome young man,
that dwelt in London Citie,
Dio two a pretty Damsell,
who was for him too witty:
The youngman he had wealth good store,
the Lasse was poore, though bonny,
She pleas'd his minde, with speeches kinde,
and all was for his money.

A simple silly Corcombe,
he shew'd himselfe to be:
All which the crafty Damsell,
did well perceiue and see;
She pleas'd still his humour well,
with words as sweet as honey,
She shew'd him still, most kind good will,
to make him spend his money.

He was with loue enchanted,
and led into such folly,
He neuer would be merry,
but with his pretty Molly.
To whom when he was come, she still
would welcome say, sweet honey:
Which words in minde, he took so kinde,
he car'd not for his money.

She colled him, she clapt him,
she did his cozzen embrace:
And said her onely pleasure,
was viewing his sweet face.
She told him that his breath and lips,
more sweeter were then honey,
Yet her mind ran not on the man,
so much, as on his money.

And at their merry meetings,
the youth would send for wine,
And many pleasant Jankets,
for them to sup and dine:
As Lambe, and Veale, and Pustion store,
with Chickens, Larkes, and Coney.
Thus with her wiles, and tempting smiles,
she made him spend his money.

He gave her Gownes and Kirtles,
and many costly things,
As Circles, Cloues, and Stockings,
fine Bracelets, and gold Rings.
For which he ne'r had naught from her,
but Thanks mine owne sweet honey,
A kisse or twaine was all his gaine,
for all his cost and money.

And if he ere did offer,
to doe the thing you wat,
When they two were in priuate,
to him she yeelod not.
She told him 't was vnlawfull,
I praethee sweet and honey,
Urge me not w't, for Ile not do't,
intrath for any money.

Now what should be the reason,
thinks you, she was so coy?
It was because another man
her sauncy did intoy,
And none but he alone, she swore,
should haue this wench so bonney,
Yet this fond Ass, so simple was,
to wale away his money.

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Although she had another,
whom she had botw'd to marry,
Yet to this silly woodcocke,
her selfe she still did carry,
As though she had intent at last,
to make him her sweet honey,
Yet all her wylt, was by this shift,
to get good clothes and money.

And when she was supplied,
with all that she did lacke,
And he had put byane raiment,
all new upon her backe,
Him carelesly she slighted then,
her heart to him was stony,
She grew so poynd, she scarce slow'd
a smile for all his money.

So getting by one morning,
she could no longer tarry,
But sending for her other Love,
with him she straight did marry.
Now had she what she look't for,
and so farewell my Tommy,
My wedding Ring, and every thing
thou boughtst me with thy money.

Thus in deriding manner,
at him she laught and ster'd,
Which bred soze the Youngman,
when to his shame he heard.
Now he was for his kindnesse sholone,
accounted simple Tommy,
And had disgrace, in every place,
for spending of his money.

He durst not walke for's pleasure,
among other youngmen,
But he was sure to heare on't,
before he came agen.
And one would play with t'other in sport,
with toys as sweet as honey,
So at the part of his sweet heart,
who made him spend his money.

This did so bere and grieve him,
he botw'd to be reuenged,
Quoth he, my Cowine and Birthe,
ere long Ile haue new fring'd,
Take heed you subtill Queane, quoth he,
for if I light upon ye,
Ile make you rue, that ere you knew
one penny of my money.

These words the Damsell heard on,
and being alwayes cunning,
She spide him as he walkt i'th street,
and to him she came running.
She call'd him Rogue and Rascall base,
you shalve quoth she, Ile stone ye;
And you Clowne, Ile cracke your crowne,
a pece of you and your money.

Thus with her scolding speeches,
his hope she ouercame,
He feeling of no remedy,
did let it rest for thame.
Let every honest youngman then,
example take by Tommy,
Lest they repent, when they haue spent,
upon a Wenche their money. Finis. M.P.